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WAIT, MY DARLING, WAIT.

There's a pale bright star in the heavens to-night,
A star that no eye can see;
To the world at large it sends no light;
It shineth alone for me.

There's an angel singing in heaven to-night,
Singing a gladsome glee;
But the hurrying world can hear her not—
She singeth alone for me.

I know who it is, for a while ago
We laid her away to rest
On the green hillside, where the wild flowers grow,
And the birds sing with joyous zest.

She is waiting for me by the golden gate
Of her bright and happy home,
And her crown, a star, casts a blessed light
On the paths where my footsteps roam.

* * * * * * *

A little while by the golden gate.
Wait, my dear one, wait;
I only tarry for night to come—
Wait, my darling, wait.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

Deddington was a great place, as it appeared to me when I lived there twenty years ago; and its people were a high, superior race, suited to their place of abode.

Two houses in the town were conspicuous above the rest. One of them was called "Myrtle House" (not that there were any myrtles near it, which, indeed, were as rare as turtles in that part of the country,) and was the residence of Miss Bellamy, a maiden lady then about fifty.

Myrtle House was the largest house in the town—a massive square stone building, with a front nearly all windows and a porch with pillars of fine polished marble.

Miss Bellamy was known to be a lady of great wealth. Her father had been, many years previously, a successful barrister, and she, his only child, had succeeded to her fortune while yet young. An early disappointment, some said—inability in the male sex in general to find courage to propose to so rich a lady, others said—had kept her single, and single there was every prospect of her remaining.

For, indeed, when she walked out on fine days with her footman behind her and her lapdog beside her, or when, on wet days, she brought out her big carriage (for she kept a carriage), he would have been a bold man who, seeing her, could have conceived the notion of making an offer of marriage to Miss Bellamy.

The other house of the two was the house of my uncle. It was not nearly so grand as Myrtle House, and it had no special name of its own, being merely known as "Lawyer Enoch's, in Broad Street;" but it was a good, substantial house, much bigger than most of the other houses in town.

Externally the most remarkable thing about it was that the front door was approached by a series of steps—quite a long flight it seemed to me—with a hand-rail beside them for safety. And as my uncle himself happened to be—or seemed to be, which was the same thing—the tallest man whom I had ever, up to that time, seen going about loose, I imagined the steps had been put there to assist the advantages which nature had given him in getting a good view of the surrounding country. He was my father's younger brother—Christian name Thomas—my father's being William. And while I am naming names I might as well, on the chance of the reader's caring to hear it, name my own. It also is, as my father's was, William Enoch. At that time I added "Jun." to it; but that, alas! is no longer necessary, my dear old senior having been gone these many years to the dear wife who had gone before him, and whom I hardly ever knew, and to the dear lads and girls (all gone too, except me) who were, I hope, better children to him than ever I have been.

Thomas Enoch, my uncle, or, as he was more commonly called, "Lawyer Enoch," was a prosperous man; and if honesty and goodness of heart, and strict integrity deserved prosperity, he had only his just wages. His practice had been a large and lucrative one (chiefly conveyancing) for many years, and about the time I left Deddington he had admitted my cousin Tom, his son, to a share of the business, which he hoped soon to hand over to him entirely.

But what is our life? Is it not even a vapor? Young Tom (so healthy and strong he always looked) died years ago. Cousin Jem died within a year of him, and Charlie with almost as short an interval.

The occasion of this visit of mine to Deddington, though not a funeral, was a sad one. You shall judge.

My uncle, in the long practice of his profession, made a good deal of money; and in the early part of his career, when he had a family about him, he was very careful to increase his savings. Of later years, when successive bereavements had left him only one daughter, Ada, to care for, he thought less and less of money. He gave very generously to the

poor, not only through public institutions, but by many a secret charity, where his right hand knew not his left hand's bounty. Many a Christmas board smoked appetizingly, which, but for his open hand, would have been bare. Many a grate, in many a cottage, on many a winter's night burnt with a ruddy glare, which, but for him, would have been black and cold. And beyond this he spent liberally upon his house and daughter. His house was noted far away for the perfect taste and elegance of its equipments. From attic to cellar it was his pride to have everything as complete and as good as money could make it.

"You will have quite enough, my girl, when I have spent all I can in this way," he would say; "to make the men run after you."

As for Ada herself, his trouble was that money was not able to buy anything quite good enough for her. Her little phaeton and pair of grays was the prettiest turn-out in that Riding; but it was not nearly good enough. So of her jewelry, her dresses, her piano, her harp, her love-birds in their gilded cage, her wonderful Pomeranian, "Nelly" (which took the first prize at the dog show year by year, as a matter of course); all these were good, were, indeed, of the very best, but were not good enough, he said,—not half good enough.

For Ada was the light of his life, in whom and for whom alone he any longer cared to live.

She herself declared she had given up all hope of the men ever running after her, and already considered herself as the legitimate successor of Miss Bellamy in the honors of old Maidenhood at Deddington. "Five-and twenty already, papa, and not yet engaged," she used to say; "I'm afraid that I'm a bad lot. I shall go and ask Miss Bellamy what is the best thing for rheumatism at my time of life, and see if she can exchange my Nelly for a respectable, well-conducted cat." Or if Miss Bellamy happened to drive past at such a time, she would make a great pretence of beckoning to her from the windows, with a view to stopping her and asking these questions, but always took good care not to let that lady see her motions.

In these demonstrations against Miss Bellamy her papa, she noticed, never joined, but, indeed, always deprecated them, and seemed to have a singular respect and deference for that lady, which was unaccountable, seeing that they never, under any circumstances, visited each other, and, to Ada's knowledge, had not spoken to each other for many years.

"Old maid, indeed," he would answer her, "I never feel, sure until you come into breakfast, that you have not eloped in the night."

And of course Ada, though not engaged, had not reached the age of five-and-twenty without having the chance to be so. The simple fact was that she would not leave her father, and was cold to all advances, and, that, as he seemed to find all his happiness in her, she was content to devote herself wholly to him.

It must be now about five years since my uncle gave up to his two chief clerks the business which, if I had had the good luck to be a lawyer instead of a civil engineer, he would have given up to me. And from that time he and Ada became more and more to each other. He took to traveling with her a great deal from place to place. He turned all his investments into the simplest channels, so that his income might come to him, whether from rents, or stocks, or mortgages, with as little trouble or anxiety to himself as possible. In fact he set his house in order, that he might wait in peace for the day of his departure.

The only exception that he made in his determination to be rid of business was, that for two years or upwards he yielded to solicitations and continued to be a director of the County Bank. It is now about two years and a half since he carried out, however, his long-announced intention, and resigned his seat. He was persuaded at the same time, nevertheless, to keep his shares, lest the sale of them should damage the concern, in which he still had every confidence.

Up to that time I had myself had a few shares in the bank. But, on resigning, he wrote me that so long as he had been on the board he had considered himself in some sort the responsible guardian of my interests, but now he could no longer advise me what to do with my money. He would merely say that up to that time he knew the concern to be thoroughly sound, and to be earning year by year the good dividends it paid. Now that he was leaving, there was to be new blood infused into the board, and a new manager was to take the helm who was ambitious to extend their business and undertake transactions of a much greater magnitude than they had formerly taken in hand. I must use my own judgment, he said, and continue a shareholder or not, as I thought best.

Well, it happened just at that time a favorable chance presented itself for me to enter into partnership with my present partners, so I sold out my shares in the bank and found employment for my money in business; doing so, I confess, not without many regrets at withdrawing from so flourishing a concern, and many misgivings as to whether I should ever again have from my savings so comfortable an addition to my small income as I had had till then.

These regrets ceased, and were exchanged for a profound thankfulness when, a year ago, the new manager absconded, and it was found that he had committed the bank to liabilities which rendered it perfectly insolvent, and involved the ruin of nearly every shareholder in it.

But my delight at my own escape was sadly tempered by regret that my good old uncle was fatally involved in the great catastrophe.

For a while it was hoped—as it always is hoped on such occasions—that the concern would be wound up without calling on the shareholders to contribute more than the capital they had already paid up.

But a few months proved the groundlessness of such a hope, and such of the shareholders as were more abundantly endowed with prudence than honesty, anticipated the calls of the official liquidators by levanting, and leaving those to bear the burden of the debt whose sense of honor refused to allow them to follow such examples.

My uncle stood it out to the last, surrendered everything he possessed to the creditors, and saw himself utterly bankrupt in all but his integrity.

This visit of mine to Deddington was, in fact, to enable me to be present at the sale of all his household effects, and to buy in again at the auction, for his use and Ada's, such things as I could not see taken from them so long as it was in my poor power to prevent it. But, unhappily, it was but little that I could do, my means being much more limited than my good-will.

It was Ada who opened the door for me. She was cheerful and resigned to her altered lot, thinking indeed only of her father, as he seemed to think only of her.

She had plans of her own, chief of which was that plan of all well-educated, needy ladies—to take the situation of a governess. As for her father, she knew not, and he knew not, what was to be done; but they did not doubt that some friendly door would open to him.

Nor need I say that a friendly door was set open to him that night, and that he very frankly accepted the shelter of my town lodgings until happier days should come.

Ada meanwhile accepted the invitation of a friend a few miles away to stay a few weeks with her; and thus the two were to be parted for almost the first time in her life.

I think that the prospect of this separation pained them more that night than the loss of all their possessions. They sat all the evening clasped in each other's arms.

She took me through the rooms, and a very dreary round it was. The stair carpets were up, and so were the bed-room carpets. They were marked by dirty feet, for the elegant and superior household furniture had been on view all day. Townsfolk who had never crossed the threshold before had been through every room in the house, save one. Brokers from Shiretown had sounded all the chairs and tables and bedsteads. Everything was ticketed and numbered for the sale on the morrow. Lot 342 was the gilded cage with Ada's lovebirds, and Lot 370 was "Nelly." Lot 420 was her harp, and Lot 421 her piano. These things I marked for my own. Lots 500 to 574 inclusive were my uncle's books, done up in bundles of about half a dozen irrespective of subject. I looked through these, and noted a few parcels which contained his favorite authors. I noted the numbers of some few choice pieces of furniture, and then we returned to the little room where my uncle sat looking into the fire.

We did not sit long, however, before my uncle went off in low spirits enough to his bed. But Ada and I sat later, side by side (on a favorite little couch), and there we had a conversation we are not likely soon to forget. Indeed, we sat and talked so long that it was morning before I went to my resting-place, which she told me I should find in Lot 127.

And I wish I may never have a worse lot than I found it. It was a good bed, in which I had slept many a time before, and I jotted it down as one of the things I must try to buy, along with the little couch. But a man does not find sleep in the downiest pillow, unless he takes it with him, and I did not sleep that night.

Indeed, at breakfast time, we none of us looked much refreshed. And when the townsfolk began to come in again for their final view, it cost us some little effort to rouse ourselves into decent spirits. Ada went off to a neighbor's, to be out of sound of the auctioneer's hammer. My uncle, however, put on a cheerful, brave face, stayed at home, and went, stick in hand, from room to room, and told the real value of this piece of furniture and that to friends who wished to purchase, and won good will and sympathy in his misfortune, as he had won respect and esteem in his prosperity.

Amongst others came in old Miss Bellamy. My uncle saw her coming up the stairs, and drew me back into a bedroom till she passed, and so kept out of her sight till she had gone from room to room, slowly, through all the house, and left it again

After her came, in a little while, two respectable-looking men, strangers to the town—brokers, it was whispered, from London—and these having also gone the round of the house, note-book in hand, chose for themselves seats in front, near the auctioneer's desk, and, the hour of sale being close at hand, made it very clear that they had come with decided intentions of doing business.

Strange, how elastic is the spirit under trouble. As this sale went on, and my uncle saw first one favorite piece of furniture and then another fall under the hammer, his spirits rose and he became very cheerful and lively. He chuckled and rubbed his hands when things went for more than he had given for them, although it put no penny in his pocket. He took it as a high personal compliment that the two London brokers should have come down to Deddington. "There is not another house in the town they would have come to," he said. And when he found that nearly everything was being knocked down either to them or to other strangers whom no one knew, he began to think the fame of his good taste must have spread very widely.

In fact the townfolks got hardly anything. It soon became apparent that the strangers meant to have it all their own way; and when once or twice a townsman, having set his mind on some particular article, was allowed to get it only after it had been run up to about double its value, townspeople became very shy of bidding, and had it not been that there were two or three sets of these foreign brokers, the front-seat couple would have had all at their own price. Indeed, as it was, the prices of the early part of the sale were not maintained. For the strangers played into each other's hands after a while, and spared each other's purses.

It was some little surprise to me that none of them bid against me for the few lots I had marked, and that they all fell to me at less than half their value.

Hopkins, the butler, who had lived with my uncle forty years (having come as stable boy, made two or three bids at one lot and got it, that lot being the brass door-plate with my uncle's name on it. He did not bid at anything else, but wrapped this up carefully, with its screws, and went off with it.

It was a two days' sale; and when all was over, it was actually found that nine-tenths of the goods which had been sold had become the property of some half dozen strangers, and that these half dozen had all been acting in concert, the real purchasers being James and Patchett.

They said they would send orders from London in a day or two for the disposal of their purchases, which, in the meantime, they would be glad if they could leave. "Perhaps my uncle would be willing to still consider them at his service until they sent for them."

My uncle thanked them, but could not accept such a loan from strangers. He was going, he said, that night to the hotel, and next day with me to London.

"Take the key, Hopkins," he said, "and leave it at the Bank." And Hopkins took it and locked the door.

"Why, what extravagance is this, Hopkins?" he exclaimed again, as he saw the cab from the Sun waiting for him at the door. "Do you think all this has taken the use of my limbs, and that I can't walk a couple of hundred yards?"

"I am not going to have a lot of people staring at you as you walk," said Hopkins.

So we got in—Hopkins outside with the driver.

"Why, he's taking us round by Jackson's Lane," said my uncle, as he pulled down the window, and called to the driver to know where he was going.

"It's all right," said Hopkins; "I've a call to make, if you'll excuse me taking the liberty."

"Confound his impudence," said my uncle, "driving me about to make his calls!"

Now, Jackson's Lane is just outside the town, and has a few pretty little semi-detached houses in it, each with a neat bit of a garden in front.

We stopped in a moment at one of the prettiest of these, and Hopkins jumped down and opened the door of the cab and the gate of the garden.

"Please step in, sir, for only one minute," said Hopkins, with an air of great embarrasment.

And, at that moment, the house door opened, and out stepped Burnett, my uncle's cook, and stood at the end of the little gravel walk, courtesying and blushing violently.

"Why, Burnett, what in the name of goodness do you and Hopkins mean?" asked my uncle.

"Not Burnett any longer," Hopkins broke in. "I was tired of seeing her crying in the kitchen this morning, so as I happened to have a marriage license in my pocket, we walked as far as the church while the sale was on, and she came out Mrs. Hopkins,"

"It's the most sensible thing you ever did in your life," said my uncle; "but I had some thought of asking her myself."

Mrs. Hopkins blushed redder then before, and dropped short courtesies without intermission.

"So you've brought me here to wish you joy. Well, God bless you both!"

"It was not exactly that," said Hopkins; "indeed, I could not have taken such a liberty. But I thought, sir, perhaps —I thought that, perhaps, you and Miss Ada—and Burnett thought too—"

"Why, my good Hopkins," said my uncle, "what does this mean?" for he had quite broken down, and could say no more.

"We thought, sir," broke in Mrs. Hopkins, late Burnett, "as he says that, as we have lived under the same roof with you and Miss Ada so many years, you would, perhaps, let us live under the same roof with you a little longer, we being too old to make new friends. So Hopkins, he had a chance to get this house, and he has made it as comfortable as he can, and we thought you would, perhaps, let us live with you here till you find a more fitting place;" and Burnett, as she concluded her speech (which she had not got through without many interruptions), polished the door plate with her apron, and my uncle read his own name upon it.

Then he went into the parlor, and he buried his face for a minute in his hands. When he lifted it again, Hopkins was standing with his bank deposit-book in his hand.

"O master," he said, "yours has been such an easy service, that to have no one to serve will be harder work. Let us stay with you still. Don't call it staying with us. See here; all we have is yours. We have no other use for it; take it for yourself and Miss Ada; only don't let us part." And he put the deposit-book on the table, at my uncle's hand.

The old lawyer looked at him steadily for a while before he found words to answer him.

"Hopkins," he said, "I have read of such servants as you and Burnett in books, but I never believed in them."

"And I," said Hopkins, "have read of such masters as ours, and found it very easy to believe in them."

"But I could not take it, Hopkins. I am going to London with Will."

"Why not take it, sir? it is only a little of what you have overpaid me."

"I have never paid you at all, Hopkins; such service as yours is not paid with money. But we will stay with you to-night instead of going to the hotel. There, now."

"Yes, yes," chuckled the old butler, "and longer than to-night, or my name's not Hopkins."

After this, we sat a long time without speaking, until a knock came to the door, and in an instant, Ada was in her father's arms. Hopkins had sent word to her where she would find him, and Mrs. Hopkins had met her at the door, and told her that her bed was prepared for her.

"What does it all mean, papa? Hopkins and Burnett here, and you?"

"Hopkins and Burnett count only as one, my dear, now. They got married this morning. This is their house, and they persist in calling it mine, and they don't want to part with me, but wish just to keep their old situation, they say. That's all."

Then Ada ran out to wish the old couple joy. And they laughed with her a little, and cried with her a good deal before she came back to us.

And indeed I hardly know what emotions were strongest with any of us all the rest of the evening. But I am sure that none of us was "all unhappy."

Even when my uncle took up the book and we heard him read—(low, and unconscious that his lips were forming the words)—

"O, that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when by his light, I walked through darkness; as I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was upon my tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with me, when my children were about me;"—

even, I say, as we caught his low words, the tender pity in his voice seemed rather pity for another than himself.

But when Ada took the book out of his hand, and said,—"I will read to you, papa;" and when she turned to another page and read out, firmly and boldly, "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever," we felt then that she had struck the truer and the nobler key, and before she came to the end of the psalm, we did not doubt that He who had turned our water-springs into dry ground, could turn again our dry ground into water-springs; that He who had minished us and brought us low, was indeed mighty enough and gracious enough, to set the poor on high again from affliction.

Hopkins came in with candles when it was growing late, and asked, with as profound a deference as ever he had asked, if anything more was wanted. And so we went to to bed in the new house, with the old door-plate on the new door.

Ada's love-birds hung in their old cage in the window, and Nelly, coiled up in her basket, kept watch outside her chamber.

It might have been perhaps half an hour after we had finished breakfast next morning, while we sat talking over our little half-formed plans, when we heard the garden-gate creak on its hinges, and Ada, looking out, exclaimed, "Why, papa, it's Miss Bellamy coming in;" and in another instant Hopkins reported that that lady asked leave to see my uncle.

"Show Miss Bellamy in," he said: and we noticed a strange flush on his worn old face.

She had walked down unattended; and it was now so rare a thing to see her walking, that I dare say she was hardly known as she passed along the street. She carried a light silver-headed cane, and leant on it a little as she came to the chair I placed for her.

"I have been a long time coming to see you, Thomas," she said, "and I doubt you will think I have chosen my time badly at last."

"Never, Fanny," he answered, "late or soon could make no difference in your welcome."

How strange it sounded to us to hear them calling each other by their Christian names. Ada and I tried which of us could open our eyes the widest.

"I am so sorry," she said.

"Yes, for this little one," laying his hand on Ada's head; "we must all be sorry for her."

"And for you, too."

"O! as for me, what matter whether my money be taken from me now, or I from it in a year or two?"

"Thomas," she said, "you must stay with us the year or two."

"Stay where?" he asked.

"In your own old house, where else? See here, it was for me the Admiral bought your house and grounds a fortnight since. These are the papers making them mine. Take them."

He rose from his chair and held out his hand as if begging her to forbear; he shook his head but did not speak.

She went on. "It was for me that those London brokers bought all in your house at the sale. See, here is my receipt from the auctioneer. Take it."

Then he took both her hands and bowed his stiff old back and kissed them tenderly, as a young lover kisses those of his love. But he shook his head and said tremulously, "It cannot be, Fanny; it cannot be."

"But hear me out," she said, "I have not done yet. You say it cannot be because you think I want to make a useless gift. And I know as well as you do that a big house would be worse than useless to you, left as they say you are. But, Thomas, I came to say something more." Then we noticed that the old lady hesitated, and looked at us, and seemed for an instant embarrassed. Ada beckoned to me and said, "We will walk in the garden a minute, papa."

But Miss Bellamy with an effort recovered herself, and said, "No, no; why should I care to speak before you children, for you are but children. Stay with us, and hear all I have to say to your papa."

"Thomas, I have reconsidered my answer to you. I have taken a long time to reconsider it; but you will have the less doubt of my knowing my own mind now. Do you remember what it was you came and said to me fifty years ago?"

"As if it were yesterday."

"Let me see, then, if I remember it too; for it has seemed to me for years as only a dream. I will tell you what it is that I dream did really happen; and you shall stop me where my dream seems false.

"I dream of myself as a young girl of twenty, whom every one knew to be an heiress, whom some few thought to be beautiful"—(my uncle nodded gently)—"and whom Thomas Enoch mistakenly thought to have a heart, and be good, and worthy to be loved."

"Not mistakenly," my uncle whispered.

"I dream of Thomas Enoch as a young man who had his way to make in the world, and who, though only two-and-twenty, already gave signs of making it.

"I dream that he—that is you—came to me once and told me a story of first love; that I put him off with an uncertain answer, not knowing my own mind and being foolish and heartless"—(my uncle shook his head)—"that at last I sent him to my father, knowing well what answer he would get; that my father, a successful barrister, rejected peremptorily the suit of the young solicitor, and made it impossible for him to revisit at our house.

"I dream that in a little while he forgot me."

"Never!" exclaimed my uncle.

"At any rate that when my father soon died, when I was left my own mistress, and mistress of all my father's wealth, Thomas Enoch never gave me a second chance of becoming his; that though I had come to know my own mind only too well, and loved him, oh! so truly," (my uncle lifted his head with a strange expression of surprise upon his face) he never came again.

"I dream that while I waited and watched him day by day, hoping always that he would stop at my door and not go past it, a horrid suspicion rose in my mind that it was money that kept us apart.

"I dream that just as I thought the way was opening for us to come together again, he formed the acquaintance of one whom no man could help loving; that in a little while he married her, and found in her a better wife than ever he could have found in me."

"A good wife, indeed, thank God!" my uncle said, mournfully.

"And then the dream grows less like a dream and more like reality, for it has living evidence in the present and stern memorials of the past to fall back upon. Yet I will call it a dream still.

"I dream that this wife blessed him with a happy family, who grew up to be his pride and the envy of less happy men and women; that one by one they were all taken from him, wife and children too—all save one"—and she laid her hand on Ada's head; "and I saw him go often with that one to the church-yard, carrying flowers, and come home empty-handed. And I asked myself—I dream that I asked myself—'Why was I left to see myself change from young to middle-aged, from middle-aged to old, useless and with my heart all dried to dust, while the young and happy were taken away? Would it not have been wiser and better, more economical and less wasteful, in the great Dispenser of happiness, that I should have been sent to my sleep there instead of one of these? For the flowers, too, would have been saved.

"And so I seem to see the years roll on, weary year after weary year, and I live my useless life, unloved and uncared for, and I see you day by day; but there is a gulf between us as deep as the grave to which we are both going. Yet, even across the gulf it is pleasant to me to see you—it is, indeed the one pleasure I have in life; and therefore (what other reason should I seek) one morning I wake to find it is to be taken from me.

"I wake to find that as your want of money parted us once, your loss of it is to part us again; that you are a ruined man, and that all you have is to be sold, and I am to see you houseless and homeless."

"No, no," said my uncle.

"Then, being broad awake to what I should suffer, and having grown so old and selfish, I try to save myself that pang; I buy your house, and everything of yours that I can get, and I come to beg you to take them all back again, and to take me with them."

"There," she said, "it's out at last; but don't interrupt me yet; this is the longest speech I ever made in my life, and I shall never again have occasion to make another half so long.

"These children never heard an offer of marriage before, and I suppose few people ever have heard one made by a lady.

"Thomas, you made me an offer of marriage fifty years ago, and were rejected. Now I come and make you one; will you have revenge, or will you let a woman plead to you successfully?

"Pity me. I am old, and rich, and lonely—O so lonely! You are old, too, and poor, and will you not be lonely if you are parted from this girl?"

One of my uncle's hands was covering his eyes. He stretched out the other, and Ada's dropped into it and pressed it.

"We are tottering down to the grave. Let us totter down together. It may be but a few days' journey. It may be more distant. That is in God's hand.

"Let me give up to you the heavy burden of riches I have borne so long. I don't know what to do with my money. I want some one to teach me how to use it. I want some one to leave it to. I want to think I have done some good with it.

"Thomas, I have wondered often why I was rich, and why I was spared so long. I think now that I have found it out, and that it is for this I have been trusted with riches, and spared for this.

"'So much as money can buy,' I have often said, 'if it could but buy me love.' But now, as it cannot, let me try to win it other ways.

"Let me try to get some little share in Ada's love. Will you try and persuade her that you thought me loveable once? And will you, neither for what I am, nor what I have, but for the memory of that girl whom fifty years ago you wished

to be the mother of your children, let your child, O Thomas, for that memory, call me mother!"

She ended, and putting her trembling hand on his, said, "Now, Thomas, answer me, before these, openly as I have spoken before them."

And he gave her his answer almost instantly—pausing only till he had so far mastered his emotion that he could command his voice.

"Fanny, I take you at your word. I will not go away, but will take you home to my house at last."

Ada put one arm round his neck, and the other round hers, and kissed them both.

"May God bless you, papa! I am sure you are doing right. And, mamma, I do love you already—I will love you truly, and be a good child to you. And I'll help you to spend your money, mamma, I will indeed, for that is all I am good for."

And, laughing and sobbing, Ada brought the two dear old faces together, and they kissed each other for the first time in their lives—she at seventy and he at seventy two.

That is the only proposal of marriage I ever heard made in my life, except my own, which I ought to have said I made two nights earlier, after my uncle had gone to bed, and while Ada and I were seated on Lot 430.

It is, as I said, three months since the sale took place. And on the Sunday following the banns of marriage were published in the parish church "between Thomas Enoch, widower, and Francis Bellamy, spinster, both of this parish." And within ten minutes of the close of the morning service, they had been pronounced a couple of silly old fools by half the congregation; a sentence which I, for one, don't at all confirm, and which indeed most of those who pronounced it retracted again before the day was out.

I believe Hopkins and his bride had some serious thought of alleging just cause and impediment why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony. At any rate, they being in church (quite incredulous of the rumor they had heard) were observed to rise in their seats when the names were read out; but whether it were that astonishment took from them the power of speech, or be it as it might, they sat down again, and, so far as audible protest went, remained forever silent.

And in consideration of their not forbidding the union (at least I do believe they thought themselves at first retained through fear.) and in order to mollify them still further, these two good old souls were given to understand that they could by no means be allowed to occupy the house in Jackson's Lane, but that the door-plate must be brought back to Broad Street, and they themselves must follow it with all convenient speed.

There is no more to be told. The wedding took place about a month afterwards. Ada was bridesmaid and I was best man, and all was done very quietly. But I have not often seen weddings that gave greater promise of happiness.

Miss Bellamy's great old house, Myrtle House, is empty, and an army of painters and paper-hangers are getting it ready for its new tenants. It is not yet quite settled when we shall go into it, as Ada seems to have an immense number of preparations to make of which I can in no way see the necessity.

But when we get into it, if we succeed in making it as happy a house as the one in Broad Street, and in making ourselves as happy a couple as the old turtle-doves who coo there, we shall be well content. My uncle is at least ten years younger than he was three months ago, and Mrs. Enoch walks without her cane even when she has not her husband to lean upon.—*London Society.*

THE UTAH MAGAZINE.

Intellectual, Social, Political and Theological.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

SCIENCE AND NOAH'S DELUGE.

NUMBER ONE.

After many years of dispute among scientific men as to whether Noah's flood ever occurred, a French scientist, named Adhémar, has produced one of the most successful theories to prove that such a flood did take place about the time stated, that has ever been propounded. As one object of this magazine is to give the latest thoughts of the age on every intellectual subject, we present a brief digest of this theory, leaving our readers to place their own value upon it.

Of course, M. Adhémar does not profess to prove, *scientifically*, that such a flood was predicted by Noah, or that it came as a consequence of man's transgression; neither does he attempt to show that only Noah and his family were saved, or that they were saved in an ark. All these things he leaves to be as they may. What he believes he has discovered a scientific corroboration of, is, that such a flood did occur and at about the date ascribed to it by the Bible.

According to this gentleman's theory, Noah's flood was a natural event—one of a vast series of similar floods, which, at regular intervals of ten thousand five hundred years apart, have visited the earth; and which must continue to occur at the same intervals as long as the revolutions of our earth around the sun remain the same as at present. Of the coming of this flood M. Adhémar assumes Noah was warned by divine revelation, and thus enabled to preserve himself and a few other members of the race from destruction.

The cause of this vast inundation Adhémar traces to a displacement of the great oceans which, he believes, at that time, were covering the northern end of our globe. As most of our readers are aware, the southern portion of the earth is now nearly an entire hemisphere of water, while the northern portion has only about as much water as land. According to our author, this disproportionate mass of water, then at the north, by a very simple but powerful natural cause was forced to leave its bed and flood the southern end of the globe.

According to Adhémar's theory, for a period of ten thousand five hundred years previous to Noah's day, our arctic, or northern regions had been covered by water; during which long period all our northern continents and islands had been submerged in about the same proportion as the south end of the globe now is. In Noah's time, from causes which we shall presently explain, it is supposed that the force of gravitation was shifted from the northern to the southern end of the globe, letting loose the great northern waters, which went rushing in ungovernable fury to the south, leaving the northern end comparatively bare, and burying up the southern continents; until nothing but Australia, New Zealand, and the tops of a few mountains, now existing as islands, were left uncovered. A similar flood, excepting that in that case the waters rushed the reverse way, M. Adhémar believes took place ten thousand five hundred years before that period. Another one, letting

loose our southern oceans and sending them back to re-bury up much of Europe and Asia,—while it will in turn uncover and leave bare the southern end of the globe—he confidently predicts must occur in ten thousand five hundred years from the date of the last flood, unless the present position and movements of our earth in the solar system be altered before that time. Strange as this theory may seem, M. Adhémar is prepared to prove, to his own satisfaction at least, that it is based on indisputably established astronomical laws.

It has long been known that the cause of the earth's seasons, and of their occurrence at their present precise periods, is due to the inclination (or leaning) of the earth's axis at a certain angle to the plane, or level, upon which it travels round the sun; because this inclining of the earth results in bringing certain regions at certain periods, to a greater or less extent, under the influence of sunshine or shade. It is therefore understood that any change in this inclination must cause a corresponding change in the periods at which spring, summer, autumn and winter occur; and, consequently, that a complete change in the inclination, sufficient to cause the northern and southern ends of the globe to point at an equal angle in an opposite direction to what they now do, must not only result in entirely changing the seasons so as to give us winter at that period of the year when we have been accustomed to have summer, but in totally reversing the temperature of each of the poles—making the north pole what the south had been, and *vice versa*.

That a change like this in the inclination of the globe is always going on, with a consequent change of the seasons, is now an established fact. Although this change is very slight so that it can only be materially felt in the course of ages, yet it is perceptible enough to be accurately measured and determined from time to time. It is called "The Progression of the Equinoxes," or the going back of the seasons. In consequence of this astronomical law, our spring time is imperceptibly but surely changing to our winter period, while our time of winter is receding towards the autumnal period. This process must continue until our springs occur when our autumns now do, and our winters take the place of our summers.

There is another fact well known to the scientific world, and that is that the leaning of the axes of the globe, as at present, by tilting all our northern continents away from the sun, so that its action can not be felt by them for as long a period as by the continents at our southern end, results in the constant and perpetual accumulation of cold in that region; while the same inclination turning the lower or southern end of the earth up *towards* the sun, causes a steady and constant increase of heat from year to year in that part of the globe. The result of all this is, that while the regions of ice have been and are continually encroaching from age to age at the north pole, the continental glacier at the south is just as surely dissolving and passing away. This increase of ice at the north and its dispersion at the south must, of course, go on for ten thousand five hundred years, or until the inclination of the earth's axis changes, when, having reached its highest point or culmination, the reverse process will set in, and the ice at the north will begin to melt and the waters of the south to congeal for the same period.

Now, upon this data, Adhémar builds the bold and startling theory, that, in consequence of the vast masses of ice which thus alternately accumulate at each end of our globe during these enormous periods, the center of gravity for the earth's oceans is removed first to one end of the earth and then to the other, causing these great waters to rush alternately to each end of the globe, in turn drowning or submerging nearly one half of our earth.

One of these great periodical deluges, M. Adhémar finds by calculation, would have occurred about the period assigned to Noah's flood. In other words, he holds that at that particular date, by the melting of the great glacier which had previously held back the waters to the north, and by the accumulation of an overwhelmingly gravitating influence at the south, the oceans which for ages previous had been silently and gradually rising in the rivers of the south, at last broke all bounds and went rushing to their new home, carrying destruction before them, revealing a new earth or home, for such of mankind as escaped its fury, in the northern hemisphere, and burying up nearly the entire south as we find it to-day.

In our next, we will endeavor to present some of the geological and geographical evidence which M. Adhémar believes corroborates his remarkable theory.

ERRATUM.

Mr. Editor:—By a typographical mistake, I am made to declare a geographical error in the first four lines in paragraph sixth of my article, published in No. 5 of the Magazine. It should read: "*The country* lying between the plains of Shinar, or more properly speaking, the vast valleys through which the rivers Tigris and Euphrates flow, *and* the land of Egypt is, with few exceptions, one continued scene of barrenness and desolation."

E. B. Kelsey.

Gems from the Poets.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, oh Sea,
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister in play!
Oh well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill,
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot, of thy crags, oh sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

A WIFE'S HEART.

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here,
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Thro' joy and thro' torment, thro' glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this!—
Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, or save thee, or perish there too!

Moore.

MOHAMMED.

No. 1—THE STATE OF THE WORLD AT HIS ADVENT.

THE WORLD'S HISTORY, ILLUSTRATED IN ITS GREAT CHARACTERS.

"Chaos is come again."

The empire of the Cæsars was in a state of dissolution, the world in the passage of death, human society a chaos, the Christian churches an anarchy. At such a time the great Mohammed arose.

At a death, there is ever a new birth; out of anarchy and dissolution, new empires spring.

The East and the West were two pronounced halves;—Constantinople and Rome two irreconcilable facts; but both were a chaos, and Christendom itself a problem of the future.

Christian churches, such as they were, survived; the faith of the Cross extended its influence over the barbaric nations that poured into Europe from the North; but the very face and nationalities of the west were undergoing a remodeling.

Before the death of Constantine the Great, the Gothic nations began to make inroads upon the empire; but after his day, while his son Constantius was wasting his reign in disputes on doctrinal theology with the bishops of the Christian churches, a fierce tide of emigration of the rude conquerors from the North devastated the empire and laid it waste. It lashed its surges first upon the West, but the East next felt its restless fury. Gaul, Spain, and lastly Italy itself was overrun. The Franks, Saxons, Goths and Alemanni devastated the countries of the Rhine and wholly separated them from the empire, while the Sarmatians, Persians, Scythians, and others made resistless incursions on the East. In vain the successors of Constantine attempted to stem the tide of barbaric conquest. Says Dr. Robertson:—

> If a man were called to fix upon the period in the history of the world, during which the condition of the human race was most calamitous and afflicted, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Theodosius the Great (A. D. 395) to the establishment of the Lombards in Italy (A. D. 571.) The contemporary authors, who beheld that scene of desolution, labor and are at a loss for expression to describe the horror of it. *The scourge of God, the destroyer of nations* are the dreadful epithets by which they distinguish the most noted barbarous leaders; and they compare the ruin which they had brought on the world, to the havoc occasioned by earthquakes, conflagrations, or deluges, the most formidable and fatal calamities which the imagination of man can conceive.
>
> But no expression can convey so perfect an idea of the destructive progress of the barbarians as that which must strike an attentive observer, when he contemplates the total change which he will discover in the state of Europe, after it began to recover some degree of tranquility, towards the close of the sixth century. The Saxons were by that time masters of the southern and more fertile provinces of Britain; the Franks of Gaul; the Huns of Pannonia; the Goths of Spain; the Goths and Lombards of Italy and the adjacent provinces. Very faint vestiges of the Roman policy, jurisprudence, arts, or literature remained. New forms of government, new laws, new manners, new dresses, new languages, and new names of men and countries were everywhere introduced. To make a great or sudden alteration with respect to any of these, unless where the ancient inhabitants of a country have been almost totally exterminated, has proved an undertaking beyond the greatest conquerors. The Great change which the settlement of the barbarous nations occasioned in the state of Europe, may therefore, be considered as a more decisive proof, than ever the testimony of contemporary historians, of the destructive violence with which these invaders carried their conquests, and of the havoc which they made from one extremity of this quarter of the globe to the other.

It was just in this universal anarchy of nations—this chaos of a world, that Mohammed came!

Europe in that age was as much the "new world" as America has been to the nineteenth century; and for centuries it was in travail with young empires. A virgin soil was needed for the remodelings of humanity and modern states of society. Worn out with antique institutions, its life of civilizations which the Pharaohs had infused well nigh exhausted, and the economy of Moses a dispensation of the past, the *old* earth required modern phases and fresh infusions of national life. We speak of the things of the present as modern, but what is a few hundred years in a series of thousands? Those barbaric nations, from which we have sprung, were modern and rude enough eight hundred years ago. How many thousand years must elapse before America will be as ancient as the world was when our ancestors poured their resistless tides of emigration into Europe, to rejuvenile the earth and give to nationalities new life!

During the first phases of this grand re-making up of human society, Mohammed came!

But the East required a regeneration of the old economies, not a new birth—the Abrahamic genius, not the modern or Christ genius. The former was most suited to its necessities and conditions. The East was behind the West; and, therefore, it had to be brought up to the *modern* state, which it has not even yet reached, though it will pass into that state when the West goes round to help its new birth via the Pacific Railroad. But that is the problem of this age it was an impossible one when Mohammed came. The East was the cradle of empires but it was also their sepulchre! Yet a solution was needed for the great bulk of the race, who have not even yet come into the new dispensation of civilizations. Christ was traveling westward! Still the East demanded the solution of *its* problem, and that solution was coming not then from Him. The East was crowded with dead nations, and crowded with the living nations of the past formations, who were as much sepulchred in the ancient institutions and states as were their mummied forefathers in the Egyptian catacombs. Still again, the philosophy of Providence declares the *East also demanded its solution.*

Mohammed came! God raised up the Prophet of Ishmael for this solution of the Eastean problem. He regenerated nations with the grand conception of the UNITY OF GOD! Herein was the philosophy of his mission—the providence of his advent. Heathen nations were to be brought up to the first phases of a universal truth,—brought up to the potent conception of Abraham's God, in whom is the *world's unity.*

So wonderful was this regeneration, which took place among the great bulk of the race, through the mission of Islamism and the inspiration of the Abrahamic genius, which ruled the Prophet of Ishmael, that for centuries, the East struggled with the West for the mastery of the earth. And even Napoleon, in the present age, indulged in the idea of another regeneration in the "cradle of empires." The Mohammedan problem was before him in history as an example; and, in his grand ambitions, he would have repeated the solution, and having restored the Mohammedan empire to its ancient glory have battled with the West again for the world's dominion. The great dream of Napoleon's youth all pointed to the founding of empires in the East. After the erasure of his name from the list of general officers in which he ranked after the siege of Toulon, Napoleon, seeing a field worthy of his genius, petitioned the French government to sanction the offer of his services to Turkey in the name of France and to take a few select companions, among whom would have been young Junot and Marmont. He had, at that early date of his career, the same grand programme in his mind which in the sixth century occupied Mohammed. It was that of the resuscitation of the East, and the rebuilding of empires in the land where empires first began. After he became the conqueror of Italy he still pursued his glorious phantom, and when he drew toward the close of his voyage to Egypt he dictated to his

secretary, Bourrienne, his famous proclamation to his soldiers in which he said to them:

> The people with whom we are about to be connected are Mahometans. The first article of their faith is this: "There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!" Do not gainsay them; live with them as you have lived with the Jews—with the Italians, paying the same deference to their muftis and their imaums as you have paid to the rabbins and bishops; show to the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran and to the mosques the same tolerance as you have shown to the convents and the synagogues—to the religions of Moses and Jesus Christ.

We see here this wonderful man of modern times laying himself out for the same work which Mohammed undertook in the sixth century. Then, as now, the East was dying and these two empire-founders attempted its regeneration. Mohammed succeeded, Napoleon failed. The latter after his great battle of the Pyramids turned his attention to the civil and military organization of the country, appointed provisional governments in the cities and provinces, played the part of a deliverer as well as that of a conqueror, and sought to prepare the East for his new empire, and, by a gradual transformation to a state more in harmony with European civilization—that is to say, to modernize it. Even at St. Helena, Napoleon held to his dream. "If Acre had fallen," the prisoner said, "I would have changed the face of the world!"

But in the sixth century, though Mohammed and his successors had precisely the same programme as that of Napoleon, touching the resuscitation of the East, the rebuilding of empires, and the "changing the face of the world," they traveled towards that object through very different methods. They succeeded in the East, but failed in the West, while Napoleon succeeded in the West, but failed in the East, and from reversed relative causes. The Prophet and his successors aimed nothing at innovations. They dreamt not of *new* creations in modern forms: it was all resuscitation and restoration. They conceived not the idea of an endless progress of society and humanity traveling far away from ancient economies and barbaric patriarchal civilizations into a grand civilization which has culminated from all ages. To the Prophet, the dispensation of his father Abraham constituted the perfect condition of the race. All departure from the patriarchal faith and social institutions belonging to the dispensation of his great forefather, was considered a fall from the proper state of man. Mohammed came to *restore* all things to the place where they were in ages past—to take the world back to his father Abraham. Hence, in the due method of this regeneration, the Koran opens with an inspired manifesto from the prophet:

> "We follow," says the Koran, "the religion of Abraham, the orthodox, who was no idolater. We believe in God, and that which was sent down to Abraham and Ishmael and Isaac and Jacob and the tribes, and that which was delivered unto Moses and Jesus, and that which was delivered unto the prophets from the Lord. We make no distinction between any of them, and to God we are resigned."

Mohammed then regenerated the East with the Abrahamic genius, and the potent unity of Abraham's God, and in that regeneration is the philosophy of his mission. The God of his father Abraham sent him to sweep idolatry from the earth. "There is but *one* God—or God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet," is the manifesto of his divine mission, and the might of the Gospel of the sword confirmed the testimony. His mission was that of an iconoclast or an image-smasher and his message to the fierce warrior tribes of Arabia. Martial divinity only could have converted the East. In Mohammed's hands the sword was the sword of the Lord.

ORIGIN OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HOW THE WORLD HAS GROWN.

CHAPTER VI.

As we have said, the necessities of mankind led to every invention of our times. For instance: The need of a protection to the feet from jagged rocks, burning sands and sharp flints, first led to the formation of the rude disk of untanned bull's hide being strapped to the foot as a safeguard from injury. The elegant boot and shoe of to-day is the result of man's creative instinct being excited in that direction. The want of a cleaner harvest than by pulling up of the roots, led to the formation of sharp instruments of bone or flint; from thence to the sickle, the scythe, the grain cradle, and reapers and mowers of the present day.

The necessity of protection from scorching heat, or rain, or cold, led to the erection of the tent of skins or huts of turf; and from thence to the cottage, the roomy mansion, the elegant villa and the marble palace.

The contentions arising between man and man, led to the formation of instruments of offence and defence, that would lengthen and increase the power of the arm; to the sword, the sling, the spear, javelin, bow, crossbow, battle-ax; finally, to all the improvements in the warlike armor of the present day.

The necessary transportation of the fruits of the field to the homestead or garner first transferred the load from man's back to the back of the beast of burden, then to the construction of the rude cart of the ancients; and from thence to the wagon, the carriage, and to the mighty locomotive, that, with unfailing strength, transports at one load the whole population of a town or the products of a province.

The obstruction offered by rivers to the migrations of the ancients, first led to the formation of the basket of bull-rushes bedaubed with bitumen as a means of transportation; as their wealth increased and household goods multiplied, the boats increased in size. Stronger material was searched out and utilized. The enlarging demands of increasing wealth and growing experience, has culminated in the mighty ships and steamers that now traverse all the water communications of the world.

The colonization of adjacent islands and contiguous seacoasts, with the increasing demands of commerce consequent thereon, necessitated a surer guide than the moon and stars by night or sun by day; here the creative instinct in man achieved one of its mightiest results in the discovery of the mariner's compass.

The want of a mode by which man might leave some token behind him in his frequent changes of place, for the information and instruction of those who followed after, or that a better record of passing events than oral tradition, handed down from father to son, introduced "picture writing," first hieroglyphical, and, finally, alphabetical. The increasing demands of a growing population necessitated a rapid multiplication of copies of sacred books—books of science and historical records that chirography could not supply—the printer's art followed as another mighty result of man's creative genius.

Who will say that God's hand is not in all these great developments? That the invention of labor-saving machinery has not been ordained? That man's power over the elements might keep pace with his intellectual growth? Who will say that rapidity of travel is not that man might "run to and fro in the earth?" That all that is cosmopolitan in his nature might be developed? That rapidity of communication and the rapid multiplication of books is it not that "knowledge might increase in the earth?" The Divine Ruler thus guiding man in every age, in the exercise of his creative powers, for a predestined purpose, to bring about predestined, grand and sublime results.

The Drama.

JULIA DEAN HAYNE.

In publishing a sketch of our lamented friend, Julia Dean Hayne, we cannot do better than to give the biographical article upon her in the *American Phrenological Journal*, of November 1867. It makes reference to Julia Dean's last programme, the announcement of which was authorized by the lady herself, and her photograph given by her for the engraving which accompanied the article:

In our well-known volume, "New Physiognomy," in the group illustrating the greatest of the histrionic types, we selected Sarah Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, Julia Dean, and Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie as the most famous representatives of the English and American stage. Mrs. Lander had not yet made her imposing mark, as she has done within the last few months, whereas Julia Dean, like Charlotte Cushman, was a national name. Notwithstanding that Mrs. Lander is now filling the public mind, through the imperial potency of Queen Elizabeth, Julia Dean, in London, will, ere long, assert her rank with all her might as "Queen of the American Stage," in her own play, "Elizabeth of England," It was written expressly for her, designed for London, and several of its acts were in this lady's hands long before Ristori came to this continent. The writer is Edward W. Tullidge, author of "Famous Historical Personages" and "Characters of Shakspeare," published in the *Phrenological Journal*.

In speaking of the Italian play, "Queen Elizabeth," and of the relative quality of the Italian and English artistes, a New York critic says:

"Undoubtedly it possesses some of the features belonging to the good Queen Bess of English history. Indeed, it may be said to be as near in approximation to the English Queen as Shakspeare's Richard the Third is to that maligned monarch. * * * He (the writer of the Italian play, Giacometti) has doubled her vanity, her coquetishness, and her tyranny, while he has by no means risen to the range of her talent, nor hinted at her occasionally splendid liberality. Such as his Elizabeth is, however, it afforded Madame Ristori the grandest field for the display of her histrionic power, while it has given Mrs. Lander an equally admirable occasion for evidencing her capacity, possibly to even more than rival the great Italian artiste. * * * Each have positive excellences, but undoubtedly Mrs. Lander's Elizabeth is nearer the 'good Queen Bess' of English history than that of Madame Ristori, if it is possible for a character so maltreated by the Italian writer to be rendered with any positive degree of approximation to its original."

Mrs. Lander has, therefore, in the judgment of her critics, surpassed Ristori, simply because she made Elizabeth more like herself in rendering the translation. "She seized it by its humanity," says her critic, "and has done all she could to make it more human."

The less we have of her great work, wrought in the body of her times,—the less of Elizabeth moving in her grand imperial methods, winning the issues for a world, the less we shall have of "Good Queen Bess," the idol and heroine of England for three hundred years. If she must slap Essex's face, let her do it; and if the death-warrant of Mary Queen of Scots has to be signed, still let us have historic veracity, and the interpretation and motive-workings. True, Shakspeare created a Richard the Third from his own conceptive mind, and not from history; but Giacometti is not Shakspeare. The immortal Saxon dramatist, with Bacon and a host of royal names of their quality, are suggesting, "You dare not maltreat Elizabeth and *our* age. We have left a literature to live forever,—a history that can not be blotted out, and we are as proud of our 'Good Queen Bess,' and her great reign, as when in life we wrote of her."

And this brings us pertinently to consider Julia Dean.

It is said that there is no woman upon the stage, either in England or America, so like Elizabeth in person and the essential elements of her nature and character as Julia Dean; and in this natural fitness she has the advantage both of Ristori and Mrs. Lander. She is imperial in her person, exceedingly fair, and at twenty she was beautiful beyond most women. Elizabeth in her youth played her beauty off to win the hearts of her people, and Julia Dean has done the same. Her splendor consists not in her largeness, though she is very queenly, reaching Elizabeth's stature. Her entire person shows nature's poetic chiseling. There is a delicacy and exquisite workmanship in all her form; her features are strongly marked, yet feminine. There is evidently a Sir Francis Drake in her; but the old lion has come through her mother, who was one of the most beautiful women of her times, and, therefore, though strength constitutes her type, it is exquisitely feminine.

Our likeness is of Julia Dean at the age of eighteen. We must add seventeen years of development of character, and the intensities of life, to the luscious beauty of this picture, and then we shall have the imperial-looking woman of to-day. The head is prominent and powerful; but it has not the massive, reflective brain of the masculine type, as seen in Charlotte Cushman. There is abundant force, intensity, and weight in that organization, but all is of the woman quality of feeling—sentiment, passion, instinct. All this she can interpret rarely, and to the last degree of power. The face shows a brain of exquisite mold and delicacy, an eye intense with feeling, a nose and chin of character, a mouth the type of Art. There is in the head a high development of ideality and sublimity. She has the poet's soul, and she esteems her profession a poetic art. This quality of mind alone would prompt her to redeem the stage, if she was omnipotent, and allow nothing but the chaste and classic to be brought before the public; for it is in everything that is exquisite in conception and elaborate in execution that she excels, and not in things bald and showy. Nature has wrought her finely throughout her entire organization. She writes poems on the stage, and the critic and the poet delight in tracing the detail. Her "Julia," in which she first made her appearance, is a work of art. She is unrivaled in this character, in which, in her early days, she won her great celebrity. But she is deemed equal to an Elizabeth, a play of which seems to have become one of the great ideas of the age. She should never fear to attempt nor to reach high, for she dare not fail or be second. She is conscious of this every moment. In her person she towers a head above nearly all other women on the stage. Let her make that her type for London, and she will not fail.

Julia Dean is the granddaughter of Samuel Drake, a lineal descendant of Sir Francis Drake. She is the daughter of Edwin Dean and Julia Drake, an actress of great merit and a celebrated beauty. Her grandfather Drake, an Englishman, was the pioneer manager of the drama in the West; her father is also a manager. She made her *debut* as a star at the Bowery Theatre, New York, at the age of fifteen, as Julia, in the Hunchback. Vessels have been named after her, both ships and steamers. She has played nothing but the legitimate drama, and she created a very great sensation from her first appearance to her departure for California in 1856.

She has been very careful, it is said, in sustaining a religious character; in New Orleans and California she persistently refused engagements rather than play on Sunday evenings. She started for the Eastern States in 1865; but on her way she was induced to take an engagement at the Salt Lake Theatre. The novelty of playing in the "City of the Saints," before Brigham and his people, was the first attraction; but she found herself playing in the theatre so highly extolled in Hepworth Dixon's "New America," whose green-room, he told London, rivals the green-rooms of Italy. She prolonged her stay, for her receipts were large and her houses crowded. She reigned a beautiful Gentile priestess in an Israelitish temple of Art. The daughters of Brigham played with her, and the Mormon king took delight in honoring her.

But our esteemed and talented friend lived not to carry out the programme which she had authorized to be announced. Three months after the publication of the article she was in her grave. Whether or not her play of Elizabeth of England, which she designed to run in rivalry to that of Ristori upon the London stage, would have been a success, we must leave to conjecture. In her last interview with the author, she held to her design and authorized the publication of her programme. The play was under revision and the first and second acts of the revise accepted; and at the last interview, the lady was confident in the design of running her rival play of Elizabeth of England, in London for the sovereignty of the modern stage. We believe that Julia Dean would not have failed. In London, she would have asserted herself as "Queen of the American Stage," which was properly her rank; and in this national character, she would have been on an equality with Ristori. The contest would then have stood

between the two Elizabeths of England,—the one from an English Mormon's pen, the other from an Italian Catholic's. The reason that Julia Dean did not make a strong, national mark on her return to the Eastern States, after an absence of twelve years, is very explainable. When she arrived in New York, she not only found the public mind filled with Ristori's great career the year before, and her prospective second visit close at hand, but Mrs. Lander was just bursting into a fresh notoriety in her English rendition of Ristori's Elizabeth. She held the managers, she held the press and she held the public before Julia Dean made her appearance, and all this was upon the play of Elizabeth. It is very singular that several years before Ristori's visit to America, that the Mormon author predicted to Julia Dean Hayne that a play of England's heroine would rule the modern stage, and he proposed to write Elizabeth for the American *artiste* to make her debut in London. As a preparatory play, "Eleanor De Vere" was written and successfully produced by the lady in Salt Lake City. Two years later, when our lamented friend arrived in New York, Queen Elizabeth met her and took from her the empire of the American stage, but in London all this would have been reversed. She would have gone there with her national name and would have run her Protestant play against the one filled with the malice of Catholic inspiration. The sympathy of the English public would have been on the side of their nation's glorious heroine. We think, therefore, that Julia Dean's last programme was very sound. We have too much faith in her to believe that she would have failed. The aim in London would have given her a fresh ambition; the success a new life as Queen of the Saxon stage.

Music.

THE LAST GRAND CHORUS OF THE MESSIAH.

COUNTERPOINT, FUGUE AND CANON.

As there are many excellent practical musicians who do not comprehend the workings of high class music, I will endeavor to explain—in as simple manner as possible—what seems dark to their understandings. I do not wonder at this, knowing they have to study the works of classical authors who have explained the science in such a manner that none but a practical composer can fathom the depths of the teacher's meaning. Still these works are printed for the instruction of musical students; but my own experience has proved that authors have shot very wide from the mark.

I have heard many musicians ask, what is counterpoint? I will answer. It is a knowledge of harmonizing according to the rules laid down in the strict style of composition. There are two styles used in music; one is called the strict—which style is used by learned composers; and one is termed the free. The free style affords the modern composer a larger field for his genius, and produces the variety of compositions now in use. However the strict style is adhered to in the present day by classical authors.

COUNTERPOINT.—The creation of a musical subject is to point, and the adding of parts to that subject is to *counterpoint* from it; these parts must be constructed according to strict rules. The fundamental rules for harmonizing are found in what is termed simple counterpoint. In this style of composition there are five species, and in none of them are discords admitted, except passing notes of dissonance and suspensions, or notes of retardation, all of which must be prepared and resolved. In the first species the notes are all of uniform length, note against note, and the only harmonies employed are the major and minor *triads*.

In the second species, two notes of the counterpoint move against one of the subject. The first—on the ascent—must be one of consonance, and the next dissonant, or a note belonging to the triad. In the third species there are four notes in the counterpoint to one in the subject; the first and third are notes of simple harmony, and the second and fourth are notes of passing. In the fourth species notes of suspension are employed, and which discords produce more beauty, systematic order and variety than combinations used in the free style. In the fifth species notes of various durations are used; in fact it is a mixing of the other four.

As musical science cannot be explained in a lucid manner without examples the student is recommended to study good works on the subject.

I will now, before reviewing the last great chorus in "The Messiah," explain, the difference of *fugal* and canonical writings, as the composition I am going to review is a canon, which is often mistaken by musicians for a fugue.

In fugal compositions the subjects chosen for imitation consist, in general, of incomplete periods. In fact, sometimes only a few notes are selected for imitation. Now, canonical subjects must not only be complete—or nearly so—but they must be so constructed as to answer immediately in all the parts; i.e., no counterpoint is made for imitation; the subject by its ingenuity is substituted for *contrapuntic* combinations.

The parts in the canon fly the same as in the fugue, but in fugue the subjects are not strictly imitated, while every note in the canon is answered in the imitation with a subject likeness in all the parts, whether in the unison, octave, fifth or any other interval from the position of the leading part. Nothwithstanding that the subject flies through all the parts, it is not a fugue, but a canon. The canon is known by the strictness with which the model melody is adhered to; hence the name of *canon*, i.e. rule, guide, *norma* model—a composition on a given model. Of course the model must be so formed as to admit of the harmony being grammatically correct.

The old masters of the art of counterpoint were continually exercising their genius in writing canons, and some of the most extraordinary ones were produced by them. But this kind of writing is, for a long time, out of fashion on account of the art having been pretty nearly exhausted by the ancients, as well as the ingenuity and labor required to produce a good canon.

I have written this much on canonical compositions, as the last great chorus in "The Messiah" is a most adroit canon. In fact it is considered by those learned in Contrapuntic beauties, to be unrivaled in its development and elaborative skill.

I will now endeavor to lay before the scientific reader—for this article is written for scientific students—a portion of Handel's skill in writing canon.

In the opening of the "Amen" chorus, the subject starts in the fugal form and the canon does not take its legitimate imitations until the end of a capital movement in the single fugue style. That is, the subject does not answer immediately as in canon, but waits for the imitation until the end of the subject. At the close of a six bar subject, the tenor answers in imitation in the fifth above, and the bass counterpoints with the imitation.

At the 11th bar the subject is led by the alto an eighth above the tonic, while the tenor and bass accompany the subject with contrapuntic parts. At the 16th bar the soprano starts the imitation a fifth above the alto, while the other parts are employed in the strict style and concludes the first movement of the fugal form on the *dominant*. In order to vary the effect, an instrumental interlude is introduced before commencing the second short movement. At bar 31, the vocal bass leads with subject on the tonic, and although there is no strict imitation in any of the parts in the following period of five bars—which terminates on the tonic—the partial imitations are handled with great skill and adroitness. At the 36th and 37th bar, an interlude of instruments is again introduced, and at the beginning of bar 38th, the bass transposes the subject to the dominant, while the tenor is in partial imitation, and soprano and alto have parts in counterpoint. This ends the *fugal* construction.

At the 42d bar, the soprano starts the subject in canon, which is imitated after one beat by the tenor an eighth below. On the first accent in the following measure, the alto takes the imitation in the 4th below, and in one beat after the alto, the bass imitates in the 11th below. In the remaining portions of the canon, the imitations are flying through all the parts in rapid succession in a direct and inverted form until near the end, when the bass takes a pedal on the dominant. Short but ingenious imitations on the subject are added for the accompaniment of the pedal bass, a method employed by classical authors in playing with the subject before closing. Five measures before the end, the harmony of the *tritone* is used on the dominant movement, which concludes the canon. A silent bar is then introduced, and the tritone takes its legal resolution on the inversion of the harmonic *triad*. In the last bar but one, the chord of the *five-four* is used; the fourth resolving on the third of the dominant, which is according to rules laid down in the strict style. The *tonic triad* follows and ends the composition.

In concluding this article I will observe, by the way of explanation, that although the fugal form is very learned and is the most useful in strict compositions—having in the different movements or divisions, subjects, answers, strettos, episodal varieties, short canonical imitations and the pedal—yet it does not require that amount of genius and labor as the learnedly constructed canon.

A canon subject will imitate strictly in all the parts at the same time; but the fugue subject must conclude—or nearly so—before the commencement of the imitation or answer.

In *quadruple fugue*—which composition obtains for the composer the diploma of musical doctor—having four subjects, and which subjects are constructed separately according to the rules of high class composition—will go together, but each of these subjects must wait for the answer or imitation until the conclusion of the subject.

It will be seen by the above explanation that a complete canonical subject imitating in every part at the same time must require more ingenuity to construct than a fugal subject, that has to terminate before the imitation can commence. Sometimes canonical subjects are constructed for a fugue, as the one Handel has invented for the last grand chorus in "The Messiah." When such subjects are chosen, they will imitate and form good strettos, without inventing others for the necessities of a good fugue.

The above splendid canon not only exhibits the wonderful resources of science, but exhibits the grandeur of Handel's genius; and it may be truly said that no composer has ever yet approached this great Master in the sublimestyle of composition. In fact, the whole of "The Messiah" has kept its ground, amid no mean rivalry, for more than a century.

TERESE, THE HEBREW MAIDEN;

OR,

NOT ALL DROSS

BY EDWARD W. TULLIDGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PROMISED TO-MORROW.

The promised to-morrow had come. Terese in the music room waited to hear the voice of her fate.

From the dawn of their companionship, the music room had been the *sanctum sanctorum* of our hero and heroine. Here they had spent their most delicious moments in feasts of art; there they had reveled together in ecstatic bliss.

Unconsciously they had played the lovers; and, for four years, they had roamed hand in hand in their paradise, much as our first parents did in their primeval innocence, before they had partaken of the tree of knowledge and became as gods in their fall, knowing good and evil. Our hero and heroine clothed their passion in the embodiment of art. Daily they told to each other's delighted ears, through the mediumship of music, the rapturous tale of a harmony of souls. Together they had dwelt in Eden; but, until now, they had not eaten of the tree of knowledge. Through blissful hours, from day to day, they had repeated their story of mutual love, but they had told it in music. In their character of artists, they had played the lovers. Like our first parents, it was bliss for them to love without knowledge, for that brought the fall. The knowledge of good and evil! The tree of the knowledge of good and evil! It was in the mutual love of the sex, and in the awakened passions of the human heart that brought sin into the world. Out upon the apple! We have had enough of that childish folly. Let us know the truth. 'Twas in the love of man for the woman—of woman for the man—that our first parents fell. The passions of the earthly overleaping the innocence of heavenly babyhood, the idolatry of the heart for its mate versus the adoration of the creature for the Creator. They partook of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; they fell together!

The Hebrew maiden was at the piano, awaiting the presence of Walter Templar. The vent in music eased her burdened heart, and that which her instrument now discoursed was tender, sadly blissful,—it told of hope and fear. There was no doubt in the maiden's heart touching Walter; it was a fear of crosses in their lives.

Terese, thy fate is approaching! But what need to tell the maiden this. Before the echo of Walter's footsteps proclaimed his approach, she felt his presence near. Still she played her tender plaintive strain.

Walter and Terese are together. Softly he closed the door, and gently approached his beloved. The yearning tenderness of their hearts filled the silence with a sentient soul. They *felt* the harmony of a mutual passion before it found a vocal speech.

Walter stands beside the maiden. Her instrument is hushed; and she listens for the voice of her fate. Not yet has she turned to look into those profound eyes beaming upon her, glorious with their light of love, but shaded with soft sadness. A moment thus they remained, enjoying their supreme but chastened bliss.

"Terese, my beloved," Walter breathed at length. It was like the soft cooing of the dove.

"Walter, Oh my Walter!" answered Terese, as she turned upon him her uplifted face, eloquent with fondness; and her eyes, through crystal tears, looked into his.

"Terese, my beloved!" again was breathed like the cooing of the dove; and, again, the yearning of the soft voice of passion wooed the maiden's ear. Walter opened his strong arms and Terese sprang to his embrace, with a cry of exquisite joy, and nestled to his breast, upon which she wept.

She knew that she was beloved; but she also felt the darkness around their love. Walter was the betrothed of his cousin Eleanor. This fact, since she discovered the secret of her own heart, was as significant to her as it had been to our hero since the performance of Terese's opera of the "Peasant Girl." She knew that Walter Templar would not dishonor his betrothal and outrage his family. Eleanor alone could give their love a happy issue. The future was not without hope, but hope came hand-in-hand with fear. She saw two futures: one dark, the other gloriously bright. Yet the present to her was that of supreme bliss, nor was it less supreme because of the mixture of pain with joy. There is an *agony of love*. It is more intense than that of a cloudless hope and a satisfied possession. "*He is mine!*" It was the burden of her heart. The feeling was painful by the very might of the assumption, for all her nature cried aloud—"*He is mine!*"

Sir Walter Templar wiped the tears from her eyes, and gently placing her upon the sofa, seated himself by her side.

"Dear Terese," he said, "what a revelation has burst upon us! How bright and glorious—how full of happiness—is love on that side, dearest?"

"My own Walter!" murmured Terese.

"But how the clouds on the other side overhang our sky! How dark they make the horizon of our future!"

"Alas! alas! how dark to me," said the Jewess.

"To me also, Terese I stand beside you in that prospect. Darkness or sunshine, the same sky of fate will be above us both."

"There is joy to me in that; yet 'tis very selfish. But there is such bliss in knowing that you *do* love me, Walter, that I cannot but rejoice in it, though it should make the future dark for both."

"You do not doubt me, then, Terese? You will not doubt me, should the uncertain future leave us without a star in our sky? There is a sun in my nature which would make your life as bright as an angel's wing. You will not doubt me, should it be beyond my power to make it thus sunny? You will not doubt me, Terese?"

"No, Walter, no; I shall never doubt *you*."

"Should our future be dark, you will not reproach me?"

"Never, dearest, will Terese reproach you."

"Nor think me cruel, if you are *sacrificed?*"

"Talk not so, Walter."

"I should be consumed on the same altar," added her lover.

"God of my fathers forbid!" exclaimed the maiden, as she threw her arms loving about his neck, as though, come what may, she would save him from the sacrifice. Such is woman!"

"You would not counsel me to dishonor? You would not have me under the curse of a broken covenant?"

"No, Walter; a thousand times, no!"

"I must be true to Eleanor, my betrothed?"

"Yes, Oh! yes, even though it should bring to me despair."

"I am but showing you the worse side of the picture, Terese. I think Eleanor will be our sister, not your rival," said our hero, soothingly.

"Now I am assured that you love me, Walter, I am juster to your betrothed. My own heart tells me that she may have as much at stake as I."

"I hope not," said her lover; and if not, Eleanor will smooth our path. I know the noble and proud nature of my cousin. She would sacrifice herself. Aye, there is the cross again! I would have no one sacrificed."

"May the God of Abraham accept the offering unconsumed!" responded the Hebrew maiden.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

Three weeks after his encounter with the singer Farinelli near the opera house, Sir Herbert Blakely at breakfast sipped his mocha in moody silence. Not usually was this the case, for though not so intellectually an epicure as his secretary, he enjoyed everything which contributed to the gratification of his animal appetites. He had not the "lean and hungry look" of Cassius, which characterized Snap, but the full propensities of the sensualist in his physique; and though the acts of his life were wicked enough, and his chapter in the Recording Angel's book scarcely relieved with a passage of good intentions, yet thought furrowed not his countenance, nor conscience disturbed his "sleep o' nights." Now, however, his mood was dark and troubled; the strong workings of a laboring mind lined his face, and held back his wonted emphasis of conduct in statuary silence.

The last mail from England had brought news, from Lawyer Wortley, that Sir Richard Courtney had written to his nephew and young De Lacy, calling them home to fulfill their betrothal. Courtney had grown impatient, and somewhat anxious to have his family project and the covenant between himself and dead friend consummated; he and his sister, Lady Templar, had resolved to bring matters to their designed shaping, and to unite Walter and his cousin Eleanor, and young De Lacy and Alice Courtney. To this end great preparations were in progress at Courtney House; the private consultations of the family pointed to the clearing of the mortgage from the De Lacey estates, as the next step decided upon after the realization of their long cherished design.

These, to Blakely, vastly important items, Lawyer Wortley had gathered from an acute female agent, whom he had recently placed in the service of the Courtney family. Wortley also sent his client information that Sir Walter Templar and his friend

were in Rome; for the lawyer knew not, as yet, that Sir Herbert had himself found the cue. Wortley's letter ended with the emphatic advice to his client—"That which you resolve, do quickly!" No wonder, then, that Sir Herbert was dark in his mood and troubled in his thoughts; no wonder that the breakfast of this morning passed in pregnant silence.

Opposite Sir Herbert was his mentor, luxuriating in the delicacies before him, for he was in everything an epicure. Having, by the habit of years, become *en rapport* with the spirit of his master, he divined the dark thoughts now elaborating themselves in Sir Herbert's mind, and saw the cups of luscious beverage which he drained transformed into goblets of blood—heard in the ominous silence the chant of murder as from incorporeal voices. Yet he partook of his breakfast with more than usual zest. The fine prepared discord of evil thoughts and wicked deeds, which he heard in the expressive silence, was like incantation music. It was to him mesmeric of mental tranquility, and the disposition of his feelings was like the fragrance of poisoned flowers.

The reason of the difference seen in Sir Herbert and his mentor this morning at breakfast, was that the one had solved his problem, while the other was in the labyrinth of its perplexities. To use his favorite expression, Snap had demonstrated; and his programme was already arranged. For three weeks he had been submitting the affairs of his master to the severe test of his mental chemistry, and had metaphysically anatomized Sir Walter Templar, the foster-brother and all those concerned. Not even was there left out the hangman with visions of an execution; for Snap was so largely endowed with intuitions of cause and effect, that nothing in the chain of relations could be left out by him. Thus even the hangman and the execution forced themselves into his view, by the law of association. It was this quick intense perception of correspondent things that made him so long in demonstrating the necessity of the assassination of Sir Walter Templar, for therein he also saw consequences which were inevitable.

In the interval of three weeks, since the discovery of the identity of Sir Walter and young Lord Frederick De Lacy, Snap had left his master mostly alone, while he buried himself in self-abstraction. This was his habit in his times of problem-solving, for in spite of the Mephistophelean character of his intellect, there were times when he was in purity of quality the profound thinker, the scientific experimenter and the classical student. At such times he was never the mentor, but surly and uncommunicative, if any one chanced to break in upon his mood. At such times he answered well to the descriptive *soubriquet* of Snap. In the last three weeks, all that had passed between him and his master was a snarling admonition against Orsini and his evil counselings and fool's instruments; for it was his habit to speak of an unsafe counsellor as an evil counsellor. "Wait," he several times said to his master, "until I have demonstrated—and if Sir Walter Templar must die, I will doom him and find the instruments;" and then he would go away muttering that it was the fool's plan to murder.

But the letter from Lawyer Wortley, which had plunged his master into greater perplexity, had determined Snap; for when the necessity of a thing struck him, he bowed to it as fate, however much he might dislike it as a policy; and from the moment he read Wortley's letter yesterday, the death of Sir Walter Templar became a necesssity to his master's ends. He knew that if our hero returned to his native land, the De Lacy estates would soon pass from the hands of the Blakelys; but if Sir Walter Templar never returned, or died intestate, his cousin Edmund Templar, would not only succeed to his title and estates, but also to the vast accumulations of Walter's minority; thus Courtney would be left altogether disabled to clear off the debt.

Accordingly the mentor fully endorsed Wortley's advice, and decreed that Sir Walter Templar should never return to his native land. But there is a providence that shapes the ends of all human events and overrules the affairs of mortals in spite of the too general practical atheism of society.

But Sir Herbert knew not that Snap had resolved; and in his own self-absorbed perplexity, caused by Wortley's letter, he had not noticed that he had passed into the mood which always followed his problem-solving.

"We must change our tactics!" suddenly exclaimed Blakely, as he threw himself back into the inviting arms of his richly-finished chair, with a sigh of relief expressive of a settled purpose, in exchange for a burden of thought. But his exclamation was rather a venting than a direct observation to his mentor; for he was used to the other's periodical non-talkative fits.

The mentor finished his breakfast with a glass of ruby wine, and then followed his master's example by ensconcing himself in the elastic softness of his easy chair.

"Snap, I say, we must change our tactics! Do you hear me, sir? We must change our tactics!" observed Blakely, now directly addressing his secretary. "I have resolved!" he added with yet stronger emphasis.

But the subtle-thought-dreamer was awake, and had solved his problem.

"We must change our tactics!" the other echoed in his light, melodious voice, and then, by way of endorsement, he also added with emphasis, "*I* have resolved!"

"Aha!" ejaculated Sir Herbert, now observant of the transformation of Snap's mood, which was at once as a valve to the too long confined outburstiveness of his temper.

"Satan catch thee! Thou hast more of sunshine in thy face that black Vesuvius is near thee, and may belch out its lava. When thy father Lucifer lights thee up, thou art bewitching. But I say, Snap, we must have no more of this tardy business. My sire would have ended this affair years ago. had he lived, while we are no nearer to the end than when he died."

"You are wrong, my master. We are fifteen years nearer the the end."

"You provoking philosophical devil, I know we are; but what end?"

"Sir Walter Templar's end, my master. He is fifteen—yes, just fifteen years nearer the end, than when the General died."

"Come, come, Snap; no sophistry to cozen me to your way of thinking. I have resolved, I say; aye, with or without you, I have resolved."

The shadow of a frown flitted across the mentor's face at his master's words, which, at another time, he would very likely have resented in his own peculiar way; for when Sir Herbert at any time grew restive under his mentorship, he would dive into scientific or classical studies, and though he would continue near him, he left Sir Herbert to himself. In this peculiar way, he had left the baronet's service for months at a time, but Blakeley had received some severe lessons of trouble and humiliation, from his imperious temper, in the absence of his watchful guard and wily servant, and he was always glad when his mentor returned. But this time, Snap merely felt a moment's resentment; for he had himself been, like the baronet, forced by a desperate necessity.

After a moment, Snap said with such a strong, quiet, deliberateness that sounded frightful—

"Sir Walter Templar must die! I have doomed him!"

"Ah! say you so, my prudent counselor?" broke out Sir Herbert.

"Then, by Solomon, we have found wisdom at last. We have been fools till now, believe me."

"Nay, my master."

"But I say, yes. I tell you, Snap, we've been fools and babies in this matter."

"And the General—was he a fool and a baby, too?"

"By the Fiend, he would have trampled down this presumptuous boy, who dared to brave us,—aye, challenge me as the avenger. He would, long ere now, have swept him away as a spider crawling over him; but we have let him grow to be a monster. You, Snap, have matched his wisdom; but we have lacked his iron will, and indomitable ambition, that crushed everything before him to his ends."

"Your father would have done as we have done,—no more! But he would *now* do as we have resolved to do—sweep this monster spider, as you call him, and his web away."

"Ah! Think you so?"

"I am certain of both, or I would not have followed the direction of either, for I have been faithful to my oath to him, to advise you as he would advise, and to act as he would act in your behalf: in this De Lacy case, I have interpreted your father, rather than myself.

"You are right loyal in that, Snap; or you would not now have doomed Sir Walter Templar. You like not to kill; that is, not as we design. The hyena in you would rather fight this lion than murder him; but we dare not fight him any longer."

"You are right. Were the case my own, I would doom Sir Walter Templar to live till I reach my span's end;—die when I die,—and to come up foot to foot with me, if there be a hereafter to bring us up. I love Sir Walter Templar, as I love my problems, and would solve him; for we master what we solve. Sir Walter Templar is an antagonist worthy of me. *I would not kill him*; but it is for my dead benefactor that I act."

"My worthy sire, your benefactor?—a benevolent philanthropist? You canonize my father as your patron saint. By Jove, I may expect to be saved then, and even cut Templar's throat with my own hand. Your benefactor! Ha! ha! St. Herbert and his

father! for you'll canonize me too, Snap? Eh?" and Sir Herbert, for the first time this morning, essayed his accustomed levity.

"Aye, he was my benefactor; for he took me from my rags, when a boy; and lifted me from the dens and stench-holes of society, and sat my feet, at least, in clean places. All I am or have of good, I owe to him—to his evil, if you like: it has transformed itself into my good. It may be much like evil still in me, to your too-nice moralist, but 'tis my kind of good—sensuous pleasures, social position and refinements, and, above all intellectual wealth, knowledge;—all these I owe to your father."

"Pshaw! You blockhead; no more preaching of your devil's divinity now. We must resolve and do quickly, as Wortley advised. Despatch, must be our word."

"But not *hurry*. *I* have resolved; so that part is done; and as we have just two hours and a half before the appointment, which I heard you make last night to meet Orsini in the green-room, to accompany the manager to Spontini's for the re-engagment of the fair Terese, you have abundance of time to listen to my *divinity*."

"Curses on it! Let us to business. I am impatient to be at it, and to find our instruments."

"Impatience is a vice, and hurry is a cardinal sin, Sir Herbert. You should think and weigh and demonstrate. You always interrupt yourself with your haste, and tumble down with your non-digested budget under you arm. A little moralizing this morning, to pass the interval till 10 o'clock, will be of value to you. You err, my master. You have no philosophy in your purposes—no moral sermons in your acts and life. Now, like your father, I endow evil with the qualities of good, and fill the bodies of my sophistry and designs with enticing wisdom."

"Out upon you, provoking fool! What are you shaping yourself to now?"

"Our own ends, my master. Nature has also given you the marring of a very violent temper. That is pernicious, for it is a sword which, getting between your legs, trips you up."

"Curses upon you, I say! The instruments. Let us determine upon the instruments to remove Sir Walter Templar."

"I have determined upon our instrument, Sir Herbert. I know the hour to reach him; and, when that comes, I will put my hand upon him. So you see my taking it easy is the result of calculation and a *digested budget*; my absence of hurrying is pregnant with expedition."

"Who is the instrument, Snap?" enquired Blakely, who well knew that Snap's leading was a safe guarantee on a tortuous track.

"The Foster-brother of Terese!"

"Oh yes, I know we at first thought of him; but he will give us too much trouble. We must have some one more certain. I am sick of this tardy business."

"Well; pray, what do you propose?" said his mentor, distastefully.

"Count Orsini recommends the brothers Savennelli, as three of the most expert bravos in Italy, and certain not to betray one, even if the headsman held them."

"What, Sir Herbert, have you put yourself into the power of that fiery fool, Orsini, who would as soon set these three worthy brothers to murder you as Sir Walter Templar, if you gave him a cause? I will have nought with them."

Snap spoke with much dissatisfaction, for he was exceedingly jealous of his master taking any one as his counselor but himself, excepting Wortley, the legal adviser of the family. Sir Herbert understood this—

"You jealous blockhead!" laughed Blakely, using his frequent epithet to him which never offended, half, perhaps, because so obviously inapplicable.

To think that I should put myself into Orsini's power. I have merely talked to him, in general, of the insolent bearing of our countrymen, that afternoon, to our company of gallants, and the risk they ran in tempting the fierce mettle and Italian steel; and then Orsini incidentally amused me with stories of these Savennelli brothers. Of course, it was with design in both, but neither of us committed himself to the other's confidence. Why, I would not trust even you, did I not know you as I do, and know myself to be the son of my father—your patron saint."

"Right; trust no one, Sir Herbert."

"You would not have me listen to my mentor's wisdom now? Eh? Snap."

"You hit on me, Sir Herbert. You banter. Your father bought me. He gave me my price. 'Twas more than all the world besides ever gave me: nor have I asked it of others or received it. He gave me kindness—always kindness. He gave me confidence and never doubted me; his last dying charge showed how much *he* trusted me. 'Twas all to purchase my fidelity. He was a wise man, and gave me the only price which could have purchased me, as now I am. Yes, *you* may also trust *me*."

"Sentimental again, Snap, over my worthy sire."

"And being sentimental, I would not have the hangman finger my dead master's son," the other returned.

"Oh! I assure you, I have no desire that way."

"Then have nothing to do with Count Orsini's instruments," said the mentor, quickly. "I like not these direct murders," he continued. "If men die—well; so do all men die. We are not accountable for the common end of all. What if it is our fire another steals to light his torch to consume the pile? Fire is a common blessing; and we are blessed in having it. If rock, hewn from our quarry, fall down and bury our enemies in the ruins, the builders, not we, must answer it. Have I not done more acts of direct good in life than direct evil; yet, when I have so designed it, evil has come of it. Let your good be direct, for it will not hurt yourself, but bring the good will of others; but if your evil be direct, hurting others in its direct intentions, it will rebound against yourself soon as it strikes. Human nature is pugnacious. Hit, and you are hit in return. Your own blow comes back, returned in force according to the strength of the returner. Should he be stronger than yourself, why you get paid back with interest."

"Cease, Snap; cease."

"Nay, my master; for I have my point."

"Quick with it, then."

"Now, the hangman and the headsman wear the champion's belt. If your direct hitting bring you face to face with them, you are overmatched, were you Hercules. If the headsman returns your direct blow, you will strike no one more: if the hangman drops you down, you will never rise again."

"I tell you, Snap, I have no desire to enter the ring against these champions," interrupted Sir Herbert, not liking his mentor's moralizing upon such a subject with the design they had resolved upon before him.

But Snap was of a turn of mind to moralize even in the hangman's hands. He would have met his execution stoically or not, according to the amount of pain expected, for he liked not pain. Were but his epicurian love of pleasing sensations gratified, he would resign himself to the scaffold in a state of problem-solving. The words of the notorious Dr. Dodd at his execution: "Now for the grand secret!" would have been in place in Snap's mouth as *his* last words; and if the *modus operandi* of death was pleasant, he would dream himself into oblivion, taking scientific notes of the sensations of dying.

"Bah, Snap! What a fool you are to preach, to me, a sermon upon the hangman and headsman, and at such a time. They never looked to me more hideous than now; and then to fancy a crowd of ten thousand voracious human wolves around, hungry for your carcass!" he said, with a shudder of disgust and terror. "I tell you, Snap, they never looked to me so hideous as now."

"That's because they may be near you, my master," the mentor mercilessly replied; for he designed to turn the other thoroughly from Orsini's instruments to his own guiding.

"The Fiend take you! Hold your tongue."

"Nay; but listen to prudence. Templar assassinated by hired murderers, paid by your gold, Sir Herbert, and you may raise up for him an avenger in the hangman. Where would be the motive? Not with those paid cut-throats. They but the hirelings; some one else the master; patent this to all. Now, the murder of an English nobleman, caused by you. and by some unseen chance the motive and cause traced to you, and you would have to answer to England. Nothing could save you."

"True, true!"

"English vengeance, for lopping off one of the branches of its ancient nobility, would reach you."

"It would!"

"Remember how jealous of its caste is that old aristocracy."

"I do not forget," still acquiesced Blakely, writhing at the bare remembrance.

"Why," pursued the monitor, "though you rank baronet with Sir Walter Templar in title, yet in point of fact, among the nobles, he outranks you, ninety out of the hundred degress of caste."

"Curse them all! I know they scarcely acknowledge me as one of their order." Sir Herbert observed, with fierce vindictiveness, "I am but of the plebeian stock transplanted; to them the plebeian still. Ha! and by Satan, I am a plebeian, for I have for them the hate of one."

"Which hate my master I share most lovingly," said Snap with a vein of paradox

"They would gladly see the De Lacy estates pass back into the hands of this young lordly beggar, because he is one of them."

"Doubtless, Sir Herbert, they would."

"My father's iron resolution—his politic mind and towering

pride, would have revenged those slights and scorns which they have heaped upon me, weakling that I am."

"Ah! he was indeed a master of men," observed the monitor.

"He subdued even the jealous nobility, and bowed them to the dust. What they gave not willingly, he crushed out of them."

"Yes, yes, Snap; but to the point. Our instrument?"

"Well; you see then that I advise prudently. There can be enough motives traced to you as it is. That is the reason why I have doomed Sir Walter Templer, rather than young Lord Frederick. I would not have the hem of his garment touched in hurt. See you not that young De Lacy escaping, the motive is turned from you; but he struck down, though you were at the antipodes, you have an ever-direct motive for his cutting-off traceable to you."

"That is true, Snap."

"May he live to be as old as Methuselah," continued the mentor, "so that he but lose and you win."

"Good, Snap, I have no objection to it."

"I would be physician to him to keep him living, so that we but keep him also landless, or at least from *our* estate."

"Bravely put, my Solomon."

"Aye, let him be sunburnt with fortune, so that it comes not as a shadow across our path. I have no malice against him, only as I find motive, and to be jubilant at his sunshine would hide the shadow of our intent."

"You counsel well and prudently, my mentor."

"Next make the motive of Sir Walter Templar's death *not* yours. Make the *cause another's*—the direct act anothers."

"Ha! I see your logic returns to Farinelli."

"Yes. *He has* the motive. Love and jealousy! Strong and fierce as becomes an Italian nature. In all times and in all places, this is admitted motive enough to kill. Give to him, then, the assassination of Templar. Poor devil though, I would not use him to such a vile purpose, did we not need; for I detest this loathsome butchering to kill. Well, well; I found the instrument; I made him not," reflected Snap, with his *intellectual*, not *moral* conscientiousness.

"You think that with our fashioning—" resumed Sir Herbert.

"My master," interrupted the other, "he is both fashioned and sharpened. He wants but the devil at his elbow."

"And you propose to take that character. I doubt not your ability to sustain it well."

"Yes. And now you see, Sir Herbert, by my not allowing you to give way to your pernicious habits of impatience and hurry, without a digested plan to work from, you have just got the devil and myself at Farinelli's elbow, where I expect to be immediately, just in time; and you to that fool, Orsini, but safe I think now from his evil counselings."

Evil counselings? What a phrase from such an oracle! And yet it was his habit to use it and always with his strange intellectual conscientiousness!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CALL HOME.

For the third time, Walter is reading his uncle's letter, calling him home to fulfill his betrothal. Another as intensely concerned as himself shares the burden and foreshadowings that it brings. Terese is by his side; she hangs with almost suspended being upon each passage of the epistle, as it falls from her lover's lips. Infallibility of honor, upon which England's old aristocracy so pride themselves, was with the Courtneys a ruling trait; and the letter of Sir Richard manifested his supreme faith that Walter could not fail his family. He treated the fulfillment of the betrothal and the consummation of their whole family designs like the ordinations of Nature or Providence not to be doubted, except with impiety.

Our hero ended the reading of his uncle's letter. For a while they sat without exchange of speech—motionless—hand locked in hand, stronger than before. The maiden broke the spell of silence:

"Oh Walter, it seems as though we were standing at the bar of some awful tribunal, and had just heard the sentence of the judge pronounced upon us."

"We are, Terese, standing there; we have heard the sentence!"

"It is as the issue of life or death: and now the sentence is against us," wailed the maiden.

"Our hope is in the reprieve,' he answered. "If that comes not—well, well, my poor wounded dove, we will hope—hope on till the drop falls—have faith till the execution comes!"

"May the God of Jacob deliver us out of Egypt!" invoked the troubled Hebrew maiden.

Sir Walter Templar started to his feet and paced the room with his strong impassionate manner—

"Would that I were alone," he said, "I would meet the sentence of fate itself, and ask no quittance. Meet it? Aye, face it with a haughty spirit; for that which I invoke, wittingly or unwittingly, I will answer;' and Walter Templar spoke with that impetuous spirit so strongly marked in him.

"I designed no wrong," he continued; "nor have I done wrong in loving you, Terese; nay, I glory in my love, my beautiful, my gifted! Yet, like a guilty cur, I have to beg reprieve. Would that I were at the tribunal alone."

The maiden approached, and stole with the gentleness of her own spirit, his passionate soul; with her soothing arm around his neck, she wooed him to his seat by her side again.

"Not alone. Oh! no, no, Walter; not alone! That would be worse than anything with your true heart mine. I am a woman. She is created to love—created to be loved;—and, finding that, she would lose all else for it. Oh! no, Walter; not alone—not alone."

"O God, not alone—not alone!" burst in response from the agonized soul of Templar; and he pressed her convulsively to his heart.

"Nearer; nearer for ever, dear one! You are right, Terese; not alone—not alone."

"I have no wish that we had never met," she said; "no wish that my fate was not linked with yours, I pray the God of my fathers that the tangled web may be unraveled, but not wish that what is, had not been with you and me. Reproach yourself never, dear Walter, because of me, whatever the future shall bring. I shall never reproach you, but ever love you—ever glory in you."

"The coming of my uncle's letter has again awakened us up to realities."

"It has indeed," replied Terese.

"Sometimes I feel humbled," he continued, "and at other times, angered by this tangled skein that surrounds us. Creatures of circumstances not of our creating—victims of crosses not of our crossing, yet responsible in the fact of our lives. Yet, Terese, I also would not have blank the beautiful past, which we have shared together;—no, not even if all should be one dark blank in our hereafter."

"At the worst but a blank in this life, dear Walter. There is another, my beloved."

Thus prompted the daughter of the antique chosen race from whom our best conceptions of immortality has come. How often do we find illustrated, that what brings the proud intellect of man into the night of infidelity, leads instinctive woman to the light of faith. Walter evaded the prompting of the reverent maiden and answered her:

"Yes, Terese, we should still have the bright holy past to look back upon. Aye, though eternity should all be blank, if memory and being live, that will live with me—a brighter jewel in my life perchance by comparison, should it find night for its setting."

"But eternity, dear Walter, will not be blank. There are no family betrothals to mar our loving there."

"Oh fools, fools are we, to put such crosses in our lives by these family matings. I saw not this common error of my class, until I found myself its victim. All would be sunlit before us, had not my father, mother, and uncle thus erred for family ends: though I reproach them not, yet I see that not unlikely it might make it black in the future for us all Black it must be, unless, as a family, we veto what we, as a family, have done."

"And they will do so, Walter. I feel assured they will. Strange that when you have less faith in this, I have most. Is it not strange? Is it not a good omen? At first I took your uncle's letter as an evil omen: but now it is passing away. I feel certain that your family will see and undo their error."

Terese spoke with something like cheerfulness again; and with the enthusiasm that became her intuitive nature, But it was *not* strange that, as Walter's faith waned, her's brightened; for, when the strong oak of our sex is fallen, 'tis woman oftimes that uprears and plants it again.

"I know not, Terese," our hero said; "you have heard my uncle's letter· It contains the decrees of the Courtneys and the Templars. You see his confidence in me. I dare not be renegade to my family."

"Oh no, no! I would not have you be, Walter."

"What we have done as a family," her lover continued," we must as a family undo, or it must remain."

"I say amen to it, Walter," the maiden replied.

"We must dream no longer, Terese. We must go direct to the issue at once, be it what it may."

"Yes, my beloved; you must go to your family directly and lay our case before them."

"I shall, dearest," he answered. "In a week, I and Fred shall have left Italy."